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P O E M S

SUGGESTED BY A JOURNEY TO ITALY,

WITH

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SERMON,

PREACHED IN FRENCH AT MARSEILLES.

BY A L A D Y.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

The profits to be given to the Société Evangélique.

MAIDSTONE:

H A L L A N D S O N .

The verdant cypress rears its head,
 A grotto to the scene is given ;
 Streams into torrents here unite,
 Whose ceaseless force the rocks have riven.

We cross the unprotected bridge,
 And glance upon the abyss below ;
 Another arch is o'er our heads,
 On which a mule is passing now.

Houses upon the rocks are raised,
 And convents higher still ascending ;
 While peasants up the mountain paths
 To distant homes their course are bending.

How clear the sky ! how pure the air !
 Health seems to rise with every breeze ;
 Here deep the shades, and there the sun
 Gilds with his beams those clust'ring trees.

Who can contemplate such a scene,
 Nor feel within their inmost soul
 Deep thoughts of Him whose mighty power
 Breathes life and beauty through the whole ?

Who from confusion called the world,
 Speaking the word, and it was done ;
 Darkness retired at his command,
 Who formed the moon, the stars, the sun.

O may that same Almighty power
Reveal himself to ev'ry heart,
Dispersing ev'ry gloomy cloud,
And peace and happiness impart.

I would not yield that inward peace
For all the joys that earth can tender ;
But rather, since He seeks the gift,
To Him my ev'ry thought surrender.

L I N E S

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A PRISONER IN THE
DUNGEONS OF VENICE.

Gloomy thoughts are still prevailing,
For all is darkness here,
And my heart and flesh are failing
In a solitude so drear.

Must days, must years pass onward ?
While not one friendly voice
Speaks comfort to the mourners,
Or bids their hearts rejoice !

Surely I am forsaken
By all the world holds dear ;
Can one single thought awaken
Ought to comfort or to cheer ?

Have I not heard of One
Who sets the pris'ner free ?
In such a time of anguish
Will He deliver me ?

Methinks I've heard it spoken,
That he never will forsake
Those who look to Him for comfort,
And Him their refuge make.

Would I had placed me sooner
 Beneath His tender care,
 And ere these hours of sadness
 Sought Him by fervent prayer.

But am I then rejected ?
 Is there no powerful plea ?
 Though Thee I have neglected,
 Yet Lord remember me !

With Joseph in the prison
 Thou once wert pleased to stay ;
 Then to my sad petition
 Turn not thine ear away !

O ! pardon my transgression,
 And make me wholly thine ;
 On me, may thy compassion
 In bright effulgence shine !

Though gloomy walls surround me,
 The promise never fails,
 That those who seek shall find thee ;
 The prayer of faith prevails.

I feel the day is dawning,
 Some ray of light appears ;
 How oft a joyful morning
 Succeeds a night of tears !

My wounded heart is healing,
 Beneath His sov'reign grace ;
Light, and peace, He is revealing,
 E'en in this dismal place.

Now, whatever may befall me,
 Should my life be near its end,
Dangers need no more appal me
 Since I have found a friend.

A Friend, who can support us,
 Whate'er our lot may be ;
When He heals the broken-hearted
 He sets the pris'ner free.



ON PASSING THROUGH THE TYROL.

This once was the land of the free,
And it still is the land of the brave ;
But how painful the thought that arises to me,
It is changed to the land of the slave.

The eagles of Austria are here,
And her forts, they are guarding the land ;
Where many a brave mountaineer
Has perish'd with weapon in hand.

Not only the bodies of men—
'Tis the mind that she seeks to enchain ;
How many these valleys contain
Must sigh for their freedom again !

Must sigh ? They have sighed, but in vain,
For the boon that they sought was denied,
Though they craved not possessions or gain,
But that they by their faith might abide.

The Emperor, gentle and bland,
Appeared their request to attend,
But others were found to withstand,
And he was no longer their friend.

Then many prepared to depart†

From the land that they felt was their own,
From those mountains—so dear to each heart,
Where the sun in his brightness had shone.

Though dear is the land of their birth,

And dearer the friends that they leave,
Yet one thing they feel to be dearer on earth,
'Tis the truth that they love and believe.

And do they repent of their choice ?

Do they mourn for their vineyards and fields ?
O no ! their faith bids them rejoice,
Peace and joy are the fruits that it yields.

Some already have entered their rest,

Their warfare accomplished and o'er ;
Of a brighter domain they're possest,
Where their sun will be clouded no more.

† The exiles of Zillerthal.



ON HEARING A WELL-KNOWN PSALM SUNG BY PERSONS
FOLLOWING A FUNERAL IN A VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

How many a thought those tones awaken,
For they breathe of a land where the gospel is known,
Where the wide-spreading power of the Pope has been
shaken,
And the bright beams of truth and of righteousness
shone.

We have heard the long chant of the priests and the
mourners,
Who were *hired* to assemble and follow the dead;
We have seen the white veils, the flowers and the
tapers,
The hangings of black and the crosses of red.

But where was the spirit of lively devotion?
The spirit that flows from and reaches the heart?
Their music was powerless to kindle emotion;
We heard but the tones and the cadence of art.

Thus we gaze on the marble exactly conveying
The features and form of a hero or friend,
But no life-giving spirit the artist obeying
Will to the dull marble its breathings extend.

May we value the treasure which once has been given,
And seek to our children the same to impart ;
On us the bright star of the east has arisen,
To guide us to peace and to comfort each heart.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SERMON PREACHED AT MARSEILLES,
IN THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHAPEL.

MARK I. 15.—“*Repent ye.*”

THESE words the preacher rendered *Convertissez vous*. “Be converted.” He then called our attention to the fact of their being addressed to all present, though he doubted not that the thought had already arisen in the hearts of many—“This sermon does not concern me, I stand in no need of conversion, I am an upright man (*honnête homme*) a good member of society, a good father, a good husband, one who does not fail in any of the duties of life, I have no need of repentance. They are called upon to repent who follow their own will, and set at nought every moral duty.” My brethren, you may think I often accuse you of sin, but to-day I will confine my discourse to this upright man, and will from the words of our Saviour himself, prove that such a one still stands in need of conversion. I do not say that his faculties must be improved and modified, but I say they must be entirely changed, yet it is not I who tell you so, it is Christ himself. Let us then find this upright man in the scriptures, who put the same question as yourselves, and let us listen to the answer which is given to him. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, “God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extor-

tioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican, I fast twice a week; I give tithes of all I possess.” But of him our Saviour declares that he went down to his house unjustified, that is, *he was condemned!* Take again the instance of the young ruler, who kept all the commandments, who honoured his father and mother, yet wanted one thing, and therefore could not enter the kingdom of heaven. But perhaps you may think these are extreme cases selected to support a certain doctrine. Let us then bring forward another character,—one against whom no crime is alleged, who was a ruler of the Jews, who acknowledged Jesus as a teacher come from God, but privately; he was weak in faith, and came to Jesus by night; he was ashamed to come to him by day. And what does our Saviour say to him? You must increase in holiness? No!—You must be born again. You must become a new creature. You must not only come to me by night, but you must come to me by day. You must not only confess me in private, but you must confess me in the senate.—How many are there now, my brethren, who shun all danger and difficulty in serving God, but what a proof is this of ingratitude for the great love He has shewn towards us. *He sent his only begotten Son*, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

But to return to our upright man. We commend his attention to the duties of life, his charity, &c., but when these things are done from a principle of

self love—from the present gratification they yield—you must easily perceive that there is a wide gulf between such a one who refers every thing to himself, and he who refers all to God,—between him whose ideas are confined to earthly things, and he who seeks those which are heavenly,—between him who lives for time, and he who lives for eternity,—between him who does every thing from love to himself, and he who is constrained by the love of God.

You perhaps think it hard that the Lord should shut you out of heaven: but he does not do it. He regards you with feelings of the tenderest compassion, with love greater than that of parents. It is you exclude yourselves. How can you be fit for the enjoyment of heaven to whom an hour of worship is wearisome; who feel no pleasure in reading a religious book, &c. Perhaps you think, “O my God will surely fit me for heaven. He will change my disposition and enable me to enjoy spiritual things.” O my brethren! is not this saying I will retain my sins as long as I can; I will delay to the last moment yielding my heart to Him who has done all for me. Do not thus deceive yourselves. Time is passing away. Eternity is fast approaching. If you would hear his voice harden not your hearts. The Lord waits to be gracious. He has given you his word. He promises his Holy Spirit. Do not neglect to ask Him for it. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath

no money, come ye, buy wine and milk without price.

O my Father, look upon those present, and shew them their need of repentance. Suffer them not to perish, but lead them to that Saviour who died for sinners. Amen.

